

# HIGH LIGHTS



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SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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## HIGH LIGHTS

JULY 1945

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### ILLUSTRATIONS

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.

## DAWN IN THE MIST

Janet Cheney

I'll be forgettin' ye when the grey goose flies,  
For it's then I'll be followin' those wings in the skies  
Till me thoughts beat as steady as the beat of a wing  
An' I know that the heart ye've got is but a poor thing  
For a man of this kind to hang his thoughts on;  
It's sure I'll forget ye when I'm gone!

I'll not think a word of ye! Faith, it's like a sin  
To be thinkin' all the thoughts that gather in,  
Crowdin' an' dinnin', till the fear is in me:  
Did they get out, now, I'd never be free.  
You, Dawn O'Malley, ye're a dawn in the mist,  
An' I daren't leave a thought with ye that's been kissed.

I'm goin' to the place where the grey goose flies  
To escape from the likes of ye with holdin' eyes  
An' the shine of Holy Mother when ye stand in the door  
Lookin' with the face ye have at me by the shore...  
Och! Dawn O'Malley, me Dawn in the Mist,  
Me thoughts are desertin' me, off to be kissed!

## DEAR ED.: (Question and Answer Dept.)

Dear Ed.:-- Can you tell me the name of that Allied general who is of mixed Scotch and French Bourbon ancestry, who hails originally from Rye but was raised in the Corn Belt and is now an expert in chemical warfare in charge of large tanks and small tankards?

-- You are probably thinking of that veteran campaigner, Three Star Hennessey.

Dear Ed.:-- I am generally considered a rather attractive girl, but my boy friend who is now in the South Pacific has never seen me in a bathing suit or even in a sweater. Recently he sent me a beautiful sarong with a request for my photograph while wearing it. Do you think that this may mean anything serious?

-- Probably not; he merely wants to see how the colors of the sarong turn out in black and white.

Dear Ed.:— The other night while driving home belatedly from a rather pleasant party, I entered upon a dark stretch of road where I must have come upon a section of slippery pavement. The car shimmied a bit and then righted itself and I thought no more about the matter until I suddenly discovered that I was traveling in the opposite direction and had in fact arrived back at the neighborhood of my recent host. What in the world do you suppose could have happened?

-- In this age of so little gas, your car probably has not been drinking as much lately as you have, and was no doubt taking advantage of a dark situation to return to the scene of conviviality for another stirrup cup.

Dear Ed.:— I am an elderly lady who loves only peace and harmony. Recently, while dining in a downtown restaurant in order to save my red points, I had the misfortune to split both my dentures from ear to ear while biting upon what was evidently a small seed pearl that was concealed in one of the oysters served me, but which, in my mortification and excitement, I must have swallowed along with half my upper plate. Do you think that I might be at all successful if I were to bring suit against the management of the restaurant for some worthwhile amount?

-- It is scarcely likely. Most public eating houses now take the precaution of protecting themselves from such damages with a disclaimer of responsibility, and post a notice to that effect which reads, "The management is not responsible for any valuables lost or misplaced." Undoubtedly, the status of the pearl at present could be construed as a valuable in either or both of these categories, and besides, where is your evidence? It is all too embarrassing.

Dear Ed.:— I have been keeping company with a nice young (?) man now for fifteen years. Every time he calls on me he brings me a box of rummy chocolates until I have the house stacked with them, but I can't get him to propose. What should I do?

-- What are you complaining about? With all that rum, and a little coke, you ought to be perfectly happy for another fifteen years all by yourself.

Dear Ed.:— The other evening I sat down to read one of these new mystery thrillers. In my enthusiasm I must have dozed off for a few minutes. When I came to, I saw

that I was holding the book upside down. The strange part of it was that, as I gazed at the pages, I found that I was able to read the book just as well that way as though it were right side up. How do you account for this? Do you think it may be any indication of second sight?

-- No; you were probably so confused with the plot that you woke up standing on your head.

Dear Ed.:-- Do you know of anything as bad as that awful siren that screeches curfew every night at 9 o'clock?

-- Yes; the siren that screeches curfew every noon.

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#### DOROTHY BAUGH EXHIBITION

The San Gabriel Artists Guild presents for the two months of July and August an exhibition of landscapes in oils by Dorothy Baugh, President of the Women Painters of the West. Some years ago, it will be remembered, Mrs. Baugh exhibited at the studio of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild then located at the Old Adobe. The exhibition of Mrs. Baugh's paintings will open Sunday, July 8, and continue through August 30 at the Gallery at 343 S. Mission Drive, San Gabriel. The Gallery, near the Plaza, is open daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, from 2 to 5 p.m.

In addition to Mrs. Baugh's exhibition of oils, a showing of a number of pen-and-ink sketches of scenes from the Philippines by Pfc. Howard Morgridge of Sierra Madre will be on display in the Print Room. A number of these sketches were recently shown at the May meeting of our own Guild, and some were later shown at an exhibition just concluded at the galleries of the Pasadena Art Institute.

A reception and tea honoring Mrs. Baugh will be served by the Paint and Palette Club at the Gallery of the San Gabriel Artists Guild from 3 to 6 p.m. Sunday, July 8.

At the regular evening meeting of the Guild to be held on Wednesday, July 18, Mr. W. R. Humphries will speak on the subject, "Nothing New Under the Sun," a delightful half impromptu talk that is built around a collection of newspapers ranging in age from 1492 to date.

## GUILD MEETINGS

At the June meeting, Miss Elston Glenn, Assistant Supervisor of Art in the Pasadena City Schools, gave a very illuminating talk on art in the schools under the title of "Why Art?" She stressed the need of a more extensive art program in the schools, especially for the younger children of the grades.

It is well known, she said, that all children love to express themselves through drawing and color. This is a natural instinct that should be encouraged. Even if a child does not have the urge for self-expression, seeing what the other children do will stimulate his imagination. There is a movement now throughout the country to curtail art work in the schools. The cry is, "Get down to fundamentals," she explained. This has been brought about by the poor showing among our draftees. "Too much time has been spent on the non-essentials such as art and self-expression. Children must get down to the three basic subjects, reading, writing and arithmetic, and we as a nation will then have a higher I.Q." Miss Glenn does not agree with this idea. If one encourages the young child to express himself in his natural tendencies, she believes, he can and will more easily acquire the stature of a well balanced man.

Mrs. Edward C. Young, wife of Col. E. C. Young and Chairman of the American Red Cross Camp and Hospital units, will be the speaker at the July meeting of the Guild to be held at the usual time and place, Friday evening, July 6. Her subject will be "Red Cross Chats," featuring the part that art plays in the Army hospitals and camps. This talk will show what artists are doing to raise the morale of the boys confined in the hospitals, playing an important part in their rehabilitation.

Following Mrs. Young's talk, Mrs. May Roberts de Wright will give a showing of Wisconsin kodachromes. These kodachromes, Mrs. de Wright explains, were taken during the years 1943, '44 and '45 in southern and central Wisconsin while she was there with her husband, Lt. R.E. Wright, U.S. N.R., who was stationed in Beloit during that period, acting as Diesel Engineer Officer for the Navy at the Fairbanks-Morse plant. "For anyone who feels a nostalgia for the Middle West," she says, these kodachromes "offer a review of the four seasons, without that discomfort of the heat and cold that go with the beauties of the landscapes of Wisconsin." These "Kodachromes of the Four Seasons," if as fine as those she once showed us of Mexico, will be a treat to be remembered.

## ARIA DI CAPRI - II

Edward Lloyd Voorhees

## Russian Solo:

The Russians in Capri, whether White or Red, could always be counted upon for more than their share of the bizarre, the eccentric or the grotesque. One noticed that their effects upon others, however, were almost invariably a favorable one, a kind of pleasurable tingling excitement which caused slumped persons to straighten their shoulders and take a deep breath, sleepy persons to become wide awake and habitually bored persons to ask questions or make sententious remarks that showed a temporarily renewed interest in life, particularly the life of the Russian. For your Russian is no bivalve hiding himself and his affairs in a protective shell of understatement or shrinking modesty. This does not mean that he is boastful - far from it - but he is all out for life and is himself 100% expression of life's energy, its pleasures, its passions, its tragedy, its melancholy, its comedy and sheer joy. Your Russian is extremely sensitive to moods in his fellows because he is so used to changing moods in himself; accordingly, he is invariably a charming and understanding companion. When the Russian is a woman she has more possibilities of nuance than a pipe organ with all its keys, pedals and stops: witness the wide range of superb character portrayal by that incomparable Russian cinema artist, Maria Ouspenskaya. It may be mere fancy on my part and contradicted by the experience of the next man, but it does seem to me that the dark Russians are their thinkers and philosophers, while it is the blond Russians who are the men of action, adventure and expansive living - somewhat inclined to pass the 100% limit. These are usually "full" of what we non-Russians call "the devil" - an expression used more often in envy than in pious condemnation.

Of the five Russians I have in mind all were of this latter type. All of them were highly talented in the art of enjoying life. Three of them were in Capri at the time of one of my visits to the island. With the kind indulgence of the gentle reader (I find that in common with Messrs. Dickens and Thackeray I like this old-fashioned phrase and the playful deference implicit in it), I will now relate my brief contact with one of the three Russians in Capri. I encountered him in life only once and then for not more than half an hour, but I feel that I knew him better at the core than I did either of the others, both of whom I saw frequently.

It was one day when I was lunching at the Trattor-

la Savoia. I was alone and depressed, for Angela the Audacious was having one of her temperamental tantrums and so we were not seeing one another (but that is another story). At the table next to mine three men were in conversation over their lunch. One was a man of title whom I knew by sight and shall call Baron Svenska. The second, his back to me, was Otto K., a German-American on vacation from New York, whom I had come to know slightly at the beach and who now turned and greeted me. Both his friends bowed slightly to me but he did not introduce them, it not being customary to do so at a casual meeting in a public place. The third man, who was seated facing me, was of an immense stature, with flashing blue eyes and a great shock of curly taffy-yellow hair; from his accent, general appearance and manner obviously a Russian. He reminded me of Kipling's quip about the Russian as "the bear who walks like a man" - although this one was smooth shaven. His face showed kindness and intelligence and strength, his smile was singularly winning as he talked to his friends, and I noted that he was also a good listener. In short, his personality fascinated me.

Meanwhile, my lunch had arrived and I gave it my attention. Noting that I was still alone, Otto first, then his friends, courteously drew me into their conversation, which was mainly in English. I believe the topic finally got around to world politics, for I know that I made some offhand remark about what was at that time called "the Bolshevik regime." At that phrase the big Russian's face suddenly hardened into a most savage ferocity whose like I had never encountered anywhere. There was a moment's silence, while I wondered what terrific memories might be racing through his mind. Then Otto made some casual remark to the Baron Svenska which served to interrupt the tension, and the Russian drew in a deep breath and smiled. They had then reached the dessert and were paring fresh peaches and dipping them in white wine on toothpicks. And then the Russian made an affirmative gesture toward us, selected and peeled the most golden of his peaches, impaled it on a toothpick, dipped it into his wine glass and offered it to me with a grave inclination of his head and a direct glance that was like a request yet seemed the acknowledgement of a favor. I am sure I showed my pleasure in my instant acceptance, and I have never forgotten that simple gesture of child-like friendship made to me by a stranger in whose heart I had inadvertantly opened for a moment an old and a terrible wound. After some further conversation, our little party broke up with mutual expressions of pleasure and of the hope of meeting again. On my part I made the silent resolve that it should be so. His two friends descended into the Marina with the Russian, who was taking the afternoon boat back to Sorrento.

horace

the guild mouse

so U maid up ure mind 2 kum home at last sed rach as eye klozed the oven door 1 thot as how U were komin home erly she kontinered so as U kud help me for 2 kleen up this hear place she sed what U bin adoin if anything? well eye ventured my deer 1 hav bin hobanobin with nachur an the ven chur wuznt so hot iffen U no what 1 meen. Sew! sez rachel snappin her tale agin the skrub buket U bin hobanobin with nachur whatever that is whil 1 bin skrubbin this place up U R just like the man nobody kant depend on2 she sed U didnt intend for 2 kum home for 2 help me she sed now did U. Well 1 sez -- U no sez rachel how hard it is 2 get any help of thez daze an me in2 my kondishun havin for 2 wash the walls an skrub an sweep as this plaice aint fitten for a kat for2 look in2 she sez: U sneek out every mornin an leev the bed strawz in2 ure bed stickin out every way an when U dew make it up U never tuck the korners in U havent put eny new klen strawz on2 ure bed for weeks an weeks she sez iffen it want for me U Awl wood bee sleepin on2 the flore.

Well 1 sez 2 myself as 1 filled my pipe 1'd better keap my mowth shut but on 2nd thot 1 sez my deer 1 will now turn ofer a new leef. U hav turned ofer so many new leafs alredy she sez thatz its a wunder that ther is any leafs on 2 the trees left around hear 2 bee turned ofer she sez. Bee that as it may 1 sez nockin the ashes outen my pipe on2 the dust pan hand me that there broom an ill finish up of this hear job in a jiffie 1 sez an hand me that there dust pan 1 sez an hand me that there whish broom 1 el show U how for 2 dew this hear job the ezy way 1 sez C I take the broom this away and put the dust pan that away an sew I push that dust in2 that pan so its nuthin at awl. Now 1 take up this hear skrub brush this away and \*\*\*

Say sez rachel lying on2 her back on2 the chaste lownge an blowin smoke rings at the same old spider webs on the sealing R U tryin for 2 tel me won hu has bin doin ure dirty wurk for yeers as how 2 kleen she ast? no 1 sez wipin my knowse with a kleenX in2 a jokuler vain 1 wuz just givin U awl a few household hintz 1 sez. them hintz R sew old she sez that they got mosses on2 ther backs she sez. kongratula shuns my deer 1 sez as U hav maid a joke and 1 kan just C a lot of little hintz runnin around with mosses on2 ther back 1 sez ill send them 2 eskuier 1 sez. R U agoin 2 kleean up this hear hole or R U just agoin 2 think Ure klever Rachel up and sez 2 me. ok ok 1 sez wherell 1 dump this hear dust pan 1 sez and wherell 1 put up this hear broom and this har whish broom 1 sez. dew U meen 2 stand ther an tell me as 2 how U R agoin 2 quit she ast. but my deer 1 sez the place looks dun up as it is.

## TRIP TO KASHMIR

Lillian Stevens, Amer. Red Cross

To go back somewhat, I cleared with the Base Censor about my trip to Kashmir, so that it can now be told.

Several of us planned to go up together and rent a houseboat and vacation together. Our time was all scheduled so as to have a very comfortable vacation. But alas for the best laid plans. First of all I had transportation difficulties out from here; then my colonel friend had to postpone his leave due to additional work in an emergency; then the other two couples had bad luck with some of their arrangements; so, strange as it may seem, while we were all in the same valley, we never did see each other.

The last leg of the trip up has to be made over very narrow and treacherous roads and with Sikh drivers who don't seem to know there is such a thing as danger. I sat in the front seat of the car and was accompanied by a British major and a captain. Leaving Rawalpindi at about 8 in the morning we arrived about the same time at night, so you see we had a very strenuous day of it. I was too sleepy to be so very concerned, but the Major was jittery because he said he had been so far behind the front lines he was fed up after several years in India. (I could have said just being in India is enough, although I have enjoyed it very much -- it is a matter of endurance and health.) The Captain was a bundle of nerves, because he had been "boxed" in Burma and said he had been too close to the slant eyes. The group didn't portend much but turned out very well when we got ourselves adjusted. The Sikh driver had a big flowing black beard, long hair rolled up under an enormous turban (they are the people who think something dreadful will happen to them if they cut off a single hair.) This one seemed quite placid on the trip up, albeit so fierce-looking in his long shirt and dhoti (draped affair to form a combination of a skirt and pants). The trip in was interesting; it might almost have been a trip into our own California mountains, except for the people and their houses, etc. The wild flowers were lovely at this particular time, purple and lavender iris growing wild all over the rice paddy embankments, and all over the thatched housetops and in any spot open and moist enough to support their type of growth. The air was full of the perfume of the great masses of syringa we saw as profusely growing as the wild lilac in the springtime in the Sierras; while red paper poppies and mustard made splashes of color as far as the eye could see, after we got into the valley itself.

At the border where Kashmir comes down the moun-

tains to meet the Punjab, we had practically to sign away our lives. The forms that have to be filled in contain information from your birthday and your nationality down to a guarantee that you haven't any beef in any form with you. (The Maharajah being a strict Hindu will allow no killing or eating of beef in the state ... it were far better to kill a man in an auto accident than a cow.) One can get powerfully sick of mutton and chicken, especially when you haven't been so particularly fond of it to begin with. The British Major vouched for me and almost held up the party, due to the suspicious nature of the border officials. They thought he was an American masquerading in a British uniform with a British passport. No one could figure out just what they thought he was trying to do; but after I signed a statement that I was entitled to all the rights and privileges of an American officer, and showed my identification card and picture, we finally managed to pass their scrutiny. I have often wondered just what would have happened had they failed to figure out a way to overlook my American citizenship -- it seems we have to have special permits.

Because it was early enough in the season I had no difficulty in getting a nice room at a very comfortable and homey hotel, though it was not "the spot" of Srinagar. It was real close to the "burra" (big) club, right on the Bund where everyone took his evening stroll, the shores of which anchored all the houseboats there was room for. The gaily decorated shikaras passed along the Jhellum River and life was lovely at this delightful spot. Their garden was cool and homelike, with great Chenar trees (similar to maples) shading the place and making it a cool retreat in hot weather. The manageress was a very lovely British woman who had been a concert violinist, her husband a Chinese pianist of high intelligence and education, both trying to keep body and soul together and their cute little girl happy by working at anything available, as they had lost everything when they had to evacuate Singapore. The little one is a queer mixture of nationalities and looks like a dream of a pixie. Here in the Orient there are so many strange mixtures that one who makes a study of racial characteristics would certainly have an interesting field for work.

Coming up from the Punjab, where people were practically gasping for breath in the heat, to a spot high up in the Himalayas, looking at snow-covered giants all around you and sleeping under blankets, riding under fur robes in the funny, uncomfortable two-wheeled pony carts called ton-gas, wearing wools and still being cold, was a welcome contrast. I kept wishing I might have stored up some of the excess chill and been more comfortable both here and there. We really need it here: the only relief one gets here is

during a storm or at the swimming pool, and neither of them is lasting. One is just as sticky and hot as soon as it is over as before. Last summer I couldn't stand a fan and this summer I practically run from fan to fan and park just as we kids used to do when it was a hot day going to the beach and back. We'd run from one grass patch to another and sit down to let our bare feet cool off. I guess two summers are enough in India. I still feel okay, but find I am very slow in reactions and tire easily; so I am beginning to think of changing theaters, perhaps.

Up in Kashmir, however (oh, to spend my nights up there and get cooled off), Mrs. Goh, at the hotel, arranged a "tiffin" picnic for the British Major and me, hiring the shikara, packing a grand lunch with real strawberries and cream, and gave us all the necessary directions so we could see as much as possible. The trip, entirely by water, was wonderful. The scenery and the shikaras made me think of the boats and canals of Zochimilco in Mexico. This entire country, its people and customs make me think of Mexico, to a greater degree. It is so much so that often when I go to speak to the Hindus I involuntarily think in Spanish first. We ate our luncheon and viewed the Shalimar Gardens, trying to reconstruct in our imaginations what it would have looked like in the days of Shah Jehan. Many ruins all over the valley remind one that this was once the pleasure resort of the high moghuls. Now, only the Maharajah and his palace grounds and fort show signs of much upkeep. For the rest, the poverty is the most abject I have seen over here. There are so many political issues here that one can't comment on so much of them by mail; but much is stuff that one doesn't forget, so it will be safe from a third party in my mind for a time. The Maharajah's being Hindu with the people for the most part Muslim, doesn't much alleviate most of conditions here.

Another day I went to visit the shops there where much of the craft work is being done. How these people ever have any eyes left is more than one can conceive, watching them doing their intricate work; it is so delicate, so very beautiful and so tedious that one wonders how they can continue doing it for the mere pittance they receive, allowing the agents to coin such fabulous prices. They say things are three or four times as high this year as last and that last year they were in the same proportion to the prices of the year before; so you can see that the agents are really getting rich off the trade. We Americans do ruin markets for ourselves and everyone else. I didn't buy much in quantity but invested a little in a few things of quality, getting a few pashmino dress lengths, a lovely housecoat and a few other odds and ends as craft samples. The housecoat is

the loveliest thing I've seen in its line, an all-over design of pastel colors done on black in what is known as the Shah Jehan pattern. The little red caps the boys wear in Kashmir were so cute with their little colored mirrors as a border that I bought a couple to send to a couple of children. The rest of my purchases were in the photography line.

Reversing my usual order, the last morning that I spent in Srinagar I hiked to the highest peak in the valley to get a bird's eye view of the surrounding country. It was a glorious sight, snow caps all around the valley with its lakes and canals all covered with water hyacinths and lotus blossoms casting a purple haze over the water expanses. The buildings were well concealed by giant chenars with only a temple here and there, a tomb or a ruin, sticking out like a finger pointing to the past pages of history. The palace grounds, the palace and the fort of the Maharajah, built when he anticipated attack, are all laid out at the foot of this giant hill like an architectural diagram. I felt just a bit foreign here again as a Hindu temple, Tahkt Suliman, crowns the highest point and I was among early morning pilgrims who were as strange to me as I was to them. Only Hindus are allowed past a certain point, so I had my limitations at this place.

My return trip from Kashmir was more interesting than the one going up. The hillsides all covered with their terraced rice paddies and mud and thatch houses were seen to better advantage. Thousands of gypsy nomads carrying all their possessions were wending their way up into the mountain areas away from the scorching plains of the Punjab. Men and boys of all ages herded their animals, one man carrying an inflated water buffalo hide and another a pigskin water bag. Goats and the queer humped cows were stringing all over the place, Women bedecked with tons of cheap gaudy jewelry of silver (their bank accounts), scraps of dirty red rags and dusty, black, full-skirted costumes, carried pots, pans, lambs and babies, to name only a few items of their packs. Dogs, goats and wagons cluttered up the roadways, making the driving over these narrow, steep ways most difficult and rather exciting, to say the least.

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NOTICE: - THERE WILL BE NO MEETING OF THE GUILD  
DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST, AND NO MAGAZINE.



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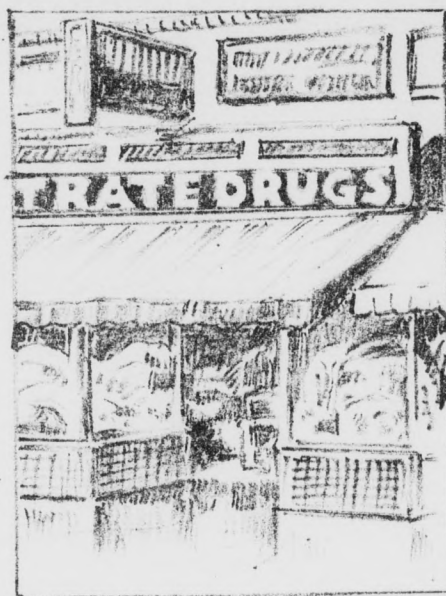


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